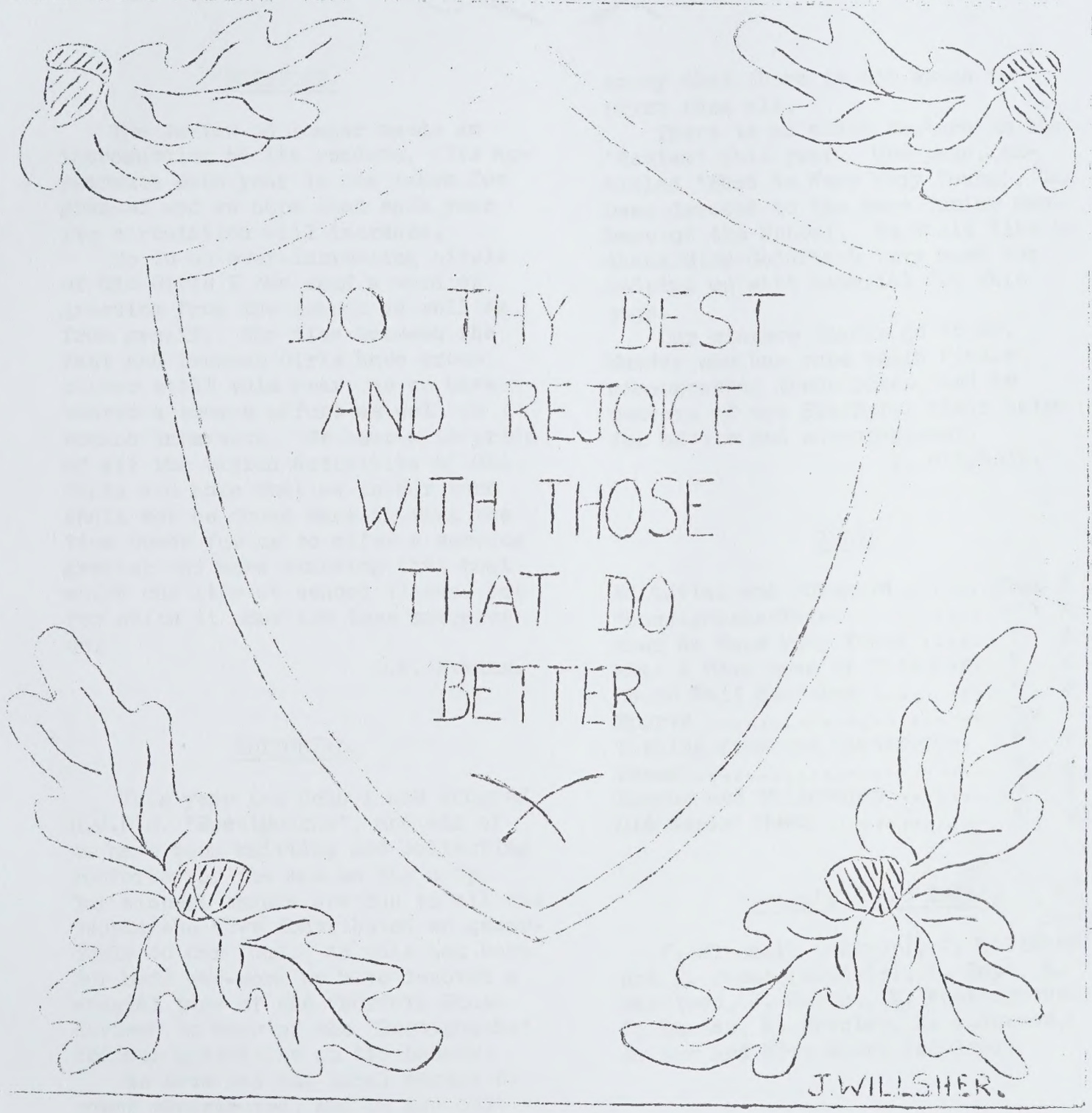
THE NEW REVIEW

3rd EDITION 1941-42



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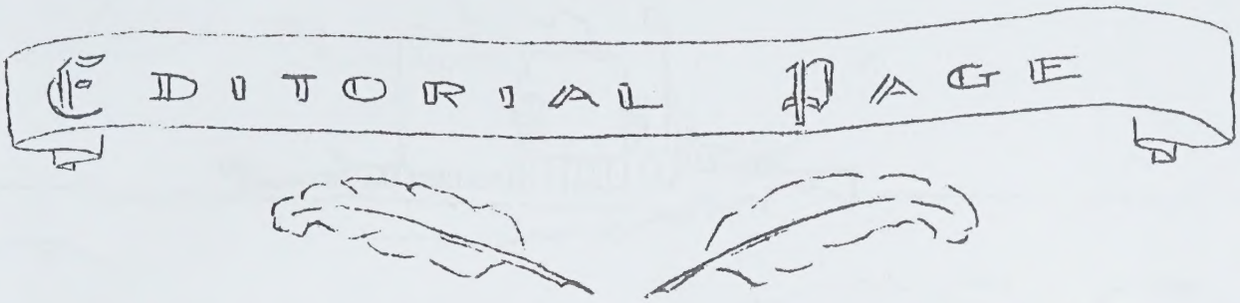

FOREWORD.

The Review no longer needs an introduction to its readers. Its appearance each year is now taken for granted and we hope that each year its circulation will increase.

So to an ever-increasing circle of Old Girls I can send a word of greeting from the School as well as from myself. The ties between the Past and Present Girls have grown closer still this year, as we have shared a common effort as well as common interests. We hear with pride of all the varied activities of Old Girls and hope that we in our turn shall not be found wanting when the time comes for us to offer a service greater and more exacting that that which our life at school allows, but for which it none the less prepares us.

D.W. Atkins.

EDITORIAL.

This year the School has adopted H.M.C.S. 'Restigouche', and all of us have been knitting and collecting comforts for the men on the ship. Our sincere thanks are due to all the people who have contributed so generously to our fund. As this has been our main war-work we have devoted a special page of the "Norfolk House Review" to news of the 'Restigouche' and our activities on its behalf.

We have had the usual amount of poems contributed, and we are only sorry that there is not space to print them all.

There is an added feature in the 'Review' this year. One page, entitled 'When We Were Very Young', has been devoted to the more junior members of the School. We would like to thank Miss Goldfinch very much for helping us with material for this page.

Our sincere thanks go to Mr. Munday who has once again kindly mimeographed these pages, and to members of the Staff for their helpful advice and encouragement.

P. Mitchell.

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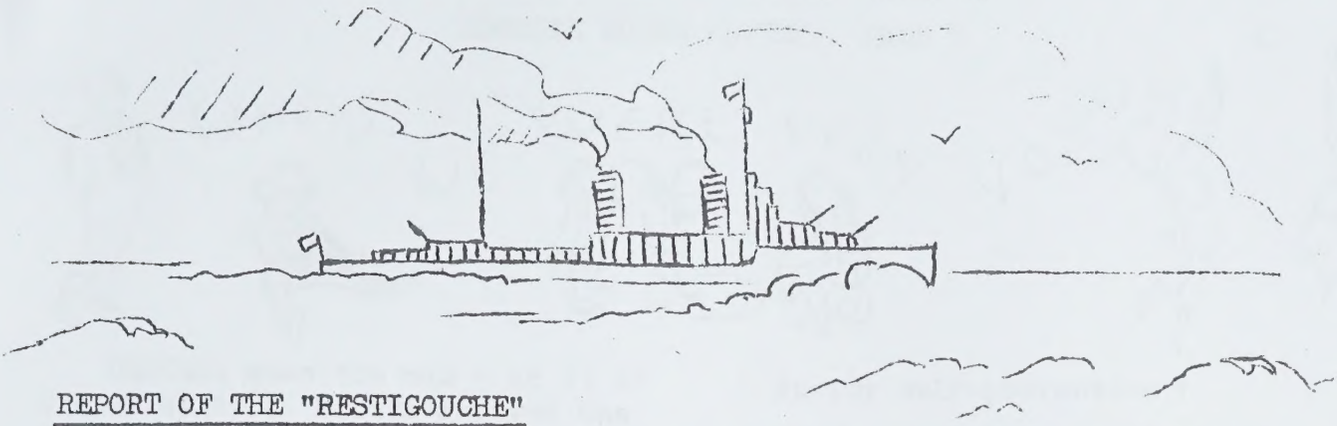
Review's Staff 1942

P. Mitchell (editor), J. Willsher and R. James (artists), J. Pope, S. Harrison, J. Bolton, M. Westinghouse, J. Munday, W. Worsley, K. Anderson, D. Lee and Miss Moore (advisor).



REPORT OF THE "RESTIGOUCHE" COMMITTEE.

Our war work this year has consisted of adopting H.M.C.S. "Restigouche". We did this on hearing from one of the girls, whose cousin is first officer on the ship, that such a move would be greatly appreciated by the whole ship's company.

When school commenced last September we started out with nothing but enthusiasm in the cash-box. Knitting was begun right away and by November over forty dollars worth of wool had been bought and many articles had already been completed. On November 14th. we held our highly successful White Elephant sale and we made $160 which we added to our fund, them over twenty dollars.

At Christmas we sent, among other things, four large cakes and boxes of holly to the ship.

A silver collection was held at the school's annual entertainment, which, in conjunction with the whowing of the Kindergarten's Farm, netted nearly $35.

To date we have collected over $250 of which $130 have been spent on wool and over forty dollars on postage; and at the present we still have fifty dollars in hand. We are having our third candy shower, having sent over twenty pounds of candy, seven parcels of knitted articles, and many bundles of magazines.

The Committee takes this opportunity to thank all of our friends and well-wishers for their contributions and encouragement, Miss Atkins and the Staff for their advice and assistance, and the girls for their marvellous response to the call for knitting, magazines and candy.

We have been glad to have the Old Girls' halp in this venture as it has involved much planning and organizing.

This year's committee wishes the best of luck to their successors, who, we feel sure, will carry on ably next year.

R. James (Convener)

The following is from a letter we received from D. W. Piers, commanding officer on the "Restigouche".

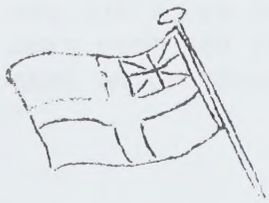
"We have just received a heap of lovely Christmas parcels from Norfolk House School - candy, cakes and woolen comforts. We had our Christmas Day far away from homes and families in Canada. This was disappointing, but we are now having a second Christmas with your gifts.

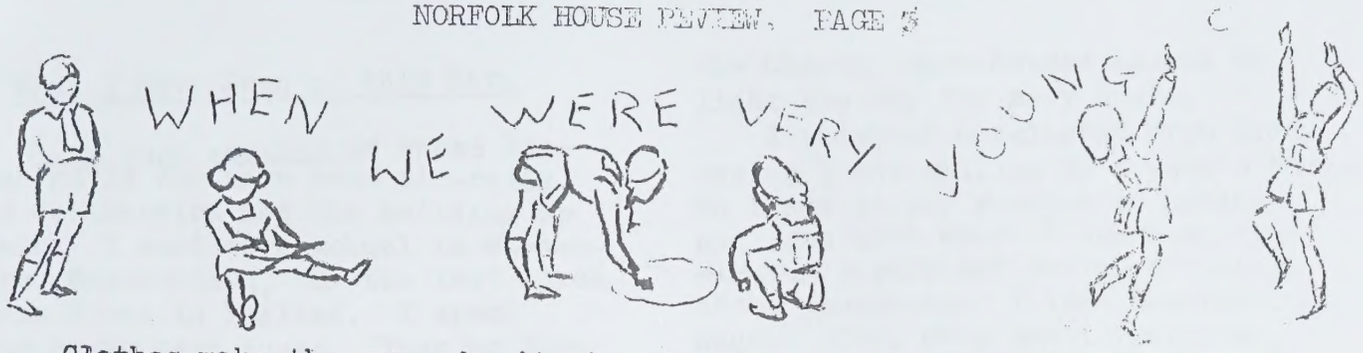
"The lads of the 'Restigouche' do appreciate your efforts on our behalf, for which we thank all the girls of Norfolk House most sincerely.

"The "Restigouche' is in fine fettle. Our hockey team is beating all opposition you will be pleased to hear, three matches to date and each time a full house of nearly 5000 spectators.

"With best wishes for 1942 from all the Ship's Company,

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) D.W. Piers,
Lieutenant, RCN,
COMMANDING OFFICER.





Clothes make the man - be it at six or sixty ! Martin arrived one morning, eyes shining, and announced: "It's my birthday today! I'm six - and look at all my new clothes!"

. . .

Heard at the school entertainment, a member of the kindergarten explaining to a young male visitor when the "Social Bridge" had just ended: "You know, those weren't real ladies. They were just the big girls of the school dressed up."

. . .

Manners!

Colin was asked to hold the door open for Miss Atkins. As he bashfully hesitated, Miss Goldfinch urged: "Go on, Colin." Greatly encouraged, Colin opened the door, gave Miss Atkins a gentle push and said: "Go on!"

. . .

"Why did you come to school?" was the question put to a member of the first form (who rather resembles the snail in her movememts).

"Mummy sent me to Norfolk House to learn to be fast," was the surprising reply.

. . .

Dinza, our youngest boarder, was very disappointed one week-end, for it seems that all the other young boarders were out. She confided to Miss Atkins: "I'm so lonesome, and there's no one to play with except Ruth."

. . .

Colin appeared bright and early the other morning, armed with a very dangerous-looking paring-knife. Was it for self-protection ?

. . .

The Farm.

One of the most popular and interesting features of the entertainment was the Farm made by the Kindergarten. It is complete in all details, even to the well in the garden and fields of wheat sheaves. Truly there must be several budding artists among the lower school for the animals are very well drawn and also the nice homey farm house and the barn. The farm is laid on the top of a large table, with all its details in proportion. We would like to congratulate the kindergarten for their splendid contribution to the entertainment.

. . .

ESSAYS.

My dog's name is Bargey. He is seven months old. He is such a sweet little thing. His nose is black, and he has black eyes with white rings around them. He has a tail that curls, and he is black with white tips, also his paws are white. I think that is all.

D. Hall.

. . .

Mother's Dog. (True).

One day Mother and her dog were going along the street. The dog used to get into the street cars with Mother and he thought she was getting into one.

Then he got in the tram, and Mother was not there so he got off at the next stop and ran back to her.

"Mother said: "Where have you been, Paddy ?"

C. Pauline.

What I Have Seen of this War.

I am just another of those English girls who have seen air-raids and destruction and the building up again. I went to a school in Windermere, Westmorland, for the last three years I was in England. I spent many happy days there. Then on June 11th., 1940 I received a cable from a distant cousin, Mrs. Cannon, who lived in the United States, asking me to go and stay with her for the duration of the war. It was a very hard question to decide. I longed to see the States and to travel over that great continent, but I did not want to leave Mummy or Daddy or school; but at last, after a great deal of thinking, I decided to go.

The summer term came and I had to leave school, so I went to my home in Liverpool. I spent a week there with my father, then I went up to London to sp end the rest of the holidays with Mummy and my little sister, Jean. Mummy and Jean were in London because Jean was ill and had to go to a s London specialist.

They were staying in a block of flats which were called "The Grampions", in Shephard Bush. I was there for nearly six weeks and I was in the midst of the London blitz. The first raid came on August 15th. but it lasted only thirteen minutes. But that was by no means the longest raid. The longest one I know lasted from 10.30 p.m. to 7.45 the next morning. Each day and night following the sirens never seemed to stop wailing. Their awful sound seemed like a nightmare, and I am thankful that the bark of the guns and thud of bombs is a thing of the past to me.

As we had no protectiom in our little four-roomed flat, we went to the inner corridors during the raid. We were near the Thames and the blazing ware-houses seemed to light the sky for many hours.

I received a telegram from Daddy saying I was sailing in a week's time. So I had to say goodbye to London and rush home where I spent my time signing papers and seeing officials about passports. I left Liverpool on August 30th. on a small freighter, H.M.S. "Balfrouver". There were a hundred and twenty-seven passengers on board, mostly women and children. We were bombed the night we left, but no damage was done, and on the third day, about an hour before our convoy left us, we were nearly torpedoed, but the torpedoe just missed us, and we destroyed the submarine that sent it. For fifteen days we were on the water, and encountered very stormy weather, We arrived at last in Boston on September 14th.

I then went to Portland, Oregon, via Montreal and Vancouver, B.C. I lived in Portland for over a year and attended school there. After that time, as Mrs. Cannon was no longer able to keep me, I came to stay with Colonel Worsley in Victoria.

I like Victoria very much, but I certainly am looking forward to going home again.

P. Bruce.

The Yacht.

A trim white yacht with snowy sails,
Glided from the rocky shore.
A storm arose and blew her far,
And to her home she came no more.

P. Fraser.

The little boy was late for school. Running frantically, he said: "Please don't let me be late. Please make me on time. Please, I ... "

Suddenly he fell in a mud puddle. Getting up and lifting his eyes to the heavens, he remarked: "O.K. O.K., I didn't ask Ya to shove me!"

THUMB NAIL SKETCHES.

The Sixth Form.

Ruth Griffith we're sad to report,
Has left for a ranch of some sort;
She says there are millioms of sheep
And chickens by thousands to keep.

In trying to solve the mystery
Of Rosemary James' chemIStry,
Our Sixth form detectives ask'why
Is Tuesday the day she should fly?'

We depend upon Pam for her tips
About Stalin or Coldwell or Cripps;
At her talent for drama we stagger,
She revels im "Is this a dagger ... ?"

Now if for gossip you crave
Kindly enter the Sixth form cave;
There you will find our Miss Pope
Installed with the latest "dope".

Should one of the Sixth form be missing
(We realise of course it is Spring!)
To find her just visit the garrison,
You know whom we mean - 'tis Miss
Harrison.

Now it's my turn and I'm in a fix,
I'm just one of the terrible six;
My knowledge of gerunds is awful
And my poetry's almost unlawful.

To fit in the metre and rhyme
We have had to commit the odd crime.
I imagine you all will agree
'Tis characteristic of "we".
J. Willsher.

The Upper Fifths.

A year has come, a year has gone
And here we are again,
With Ruth our only new comer
Who thinks we're all insane.
She never laughs, she never smiles
At jokes tho' good or bad,
While muddling Muggy muggs at Maths.
She's very seldom sad.
Now Christine is our ailing one
She always has a pain,
Her doctor says she mustn't dance
Or play a tennis game.
While Peter sits in perfect health,
No aches, no pains, no grumps,
She really should play hockey
But she doesn't like the bumps.
Now our poor Jane she's worked so hard,
The plant she always minds,
While Mary sits and studies maths.
Until she's nearly blind.
Well, last but not least
Is our brilliant Iva,
Come on everyone - let's try to beat
her !
J. Bolton.

The Lower Fifth.

"For poems," the Lower Fifth sadly
report,
All inspirations have'sailed out of
port'.
A few of them cried "we'll do it !"
with glee,
In fact, their output of verses was
free.
But then their interest suddenly
flagged
And the size of their poem decidedly
sagged.

Stewart and Helen and Joy all skate -
They started to think of the poem
too late.
Now Bobby has definitely no excuse,
And our dear Norma we vainly induce.
So Beryl and Winnie are doing their
best
To cover the laziness of the rest.
B. Willsher
W. Worsley.

The optimists in Italy say, "We are going to lose this war," and the pessimists say, "Yes, but when ?"

HOCKEY.

The Norfolk House First XI played a great deal of hockey this year, and we find a marked improvement in the general game. We played several matches against St. Margaret's School, Victoria and Oak Bay high schools, as well as several games against Margaret Jenkins school with an Eleven whose players were all under sixteen years old.

The main event of the hockey season was the annual contest for the Bridgman Cup. Queen Margaret's team, who had come down all the way from Duncan to join in the competition, won the cup by one point from Victoria College and Oak Bay high. It is the first year that the College have played hockey. Norfolk House was next and then Victoria High and St. Margaret's respectively.

House Hockey: Caister won the House hockey cup this year after a hard struggle. Caister had to play one girl short, but at length succeeded in beating Walsingham, and in the final game defeated Wymondham by five goals to three.

BADMINTON.

This year a new badminton match was inaugurated - a doubles contest between voluntary couples which was played on rainy days. It was won by N. Garrard and I. Lisicka from P. Mitchell and J. Willsher.

House Badminton: This year there has been a tie for first place for the House Badminton cup. Both Caister and Wymondham gained the same number of points. The teams were as follows:-

Wymondham:
1st. N. Garrard and M. Westinghouse.
2nd. J. Bolton and B. Willsher.

Caister:
Ist. P. Mitchell and I. Lisicka.
2nd. J. Willsher and J. Ridewood.

The Individual Badminton went this year to Pam Mitchell in the "A" division, and to Lavender Allen in the "B" division.

DRILL.

The senior Individual drill cup was tied for by Pam Mitchell and Christine Humble, and the Junior cup was won by Jacqueline Freer.

House Drill: The House Drill Competition was won by Caister by a very narrow margin from Walsingham. All the houses were extremely close this year with only one and a half marks difference between the resulting number of points.

SKATING.

A great many senior and intermediate girls of the school have been doing a lot of skating at the new ice rink which has been built at the Willows. this winter. Among those who regularly attended the skating sessions are:

P. Mitchell, S. Stewart, J. Ridewood, J. Munday, D. Greenwood, B. Elworthy and D. Lee.

Titbits from the Classroom

Who gives our long-suffering maths. teacher the "willies" with the collapsible eversharp pencil ?

. . .

Well, well, 'just a dear and nothing else', that's what they call ..... ?

. . .

Three guesses. Who is our blushing bride of the year ? Can it be Miss Moore - pardon, we mean Mrs. Drought ?

. . .

Has anyone seen a cow with a beak, claws and long, shaggy hair ? Ask the scientific Fifths !

. . .

Who said 'six fours are ten'? Eh, Miss H..... ?

. . .

Talk about hitching your wagon to a star, some of the Sixth had better start hitching theirs to their latin books.

. . .

What member of the Staff while visiting in the country, made herself useful by pulling up the kidney-beans, exclaiming:-"" Just look at this horrible bindweed - it's choking the young fruit trees!"

. . .

What little girl actually asked to be allowed to stand in the corner?

. . .

Our distinguished visitors for the year have been a goat and a batch of chickens.

What with chasing her chair around the stage, and talking about Sallt Crocker and Miss Gardiner, our star actress was in her usual form during rehearsals.

. . .

Who has very recently acquired a patriotic hair-do ?

. . .

A certain little girl and her big dog provided a morning's entertainment for the Sixth. They visited during English.

. . .

Is it possible a bulldog can be cute? Ask Miss F.....

. . .

Two members of the six are always chattering. But, believe it or not, they seem to have turned over a new leaf. Can it last till the end of June ?

. . .

Who discovered a new kind of swing ?

. . .

And who was the younger member of the school who arrived at Mrs. Cheetham's nature lesson with a very fresh fish - just to help Mrs. Cheetham explain the features of a fish!

. . .

In 'Little Women' two members of the cast excelled; one in priggishness and the other in gossip. Could they possibly be Jane and Christine ?

. . .

POEMS

Wanderers.

My dog and I, the other day,
Ran o'er the fields so far away
That all the sounds of city life
And all the ugliness of strife
Were lost in the peace of the hills.

My dog and I lay down to rest
And watched a robin make his nest,
Then up we rose and ran again
Along a blossomed country lane
Away to the humming mills.

My dog and I next passed the kirk,
And went to watch the men at work,
Who cut the lumber into planks
And piled it up upon the banks
Beside the river's mills.

My dog and I then started back
For home, along the woodland track,
And all the sounds of city life
And all the ugliness of strife,
Surged back as we left the hills.

B. Pope.

Scottie.

He minds his own business
As all Scotsmen do,
He's playful and canny
And serious too.
What more could one ask
Of a doggie like you ?

Oh, Scotties forever!
The best of all dogs!
Whether they're champs
Or the 'worsest' of wogs.
As long as they've got
Just a scrap of Scot's blood,
They're equal to princes
And the others - to mud!

L. Key

The Brook

Through the field I go
Laughing as I flow,
Over rocks and over sand
Over all kinds of land,
Through a cave and past a mill -
Always travelling, never still.
Past a house and past a school,
Past the children's swimming pool,
Out to the ocean I do go
Then I don't know where I go.

N. Anderson.

Dinner Time.

Pecking in the earth for food
That the farmer scatters,
The hen thinks it's awfully good
And that's all that matters.

M. Fleming.

The Coming of Spring

Spring is coming
Winter has gone,
And the bees are humming
A merry little song.

The daffodils are blooming bright
The crocuses as well,
The bluebells make a pretty sight
Blooming in the dell.

M. Jones.

The Would-be Yacht.

Across the seas I'd like to sail,
In a trim white yacht with a polished rail,
The seagulls would my companions be,
Upon the wide and lonely sea.
In days of storm when the waves were high
I'd go to my cabin and there I'd lie.
But when the days were bright and gay
From the deck I'd watch the fishes play.

E. Fleming.

HUMOUR and PHILOSOPHY

A countryman recruit was posted one night on sentry duty. Hearing footsteps approaching, he challenged, and the following conversation ensued.
Sentry: "'Oo be there?"
Stranger: Captain I.B. Coleman."
Sentry: "I be'ant a captain, and this be'ant the time to bring the coal."

. . .

The optomist is often as wrong as the pessimist, but he's far happier !

. . .

Romance Before and After.

Two lovers walking down the street,
She trips, he murmurs 'Careful, sweet."
Now wed, they tread that self-same street,
She trips, he growls, "Pick up your feet!"

. . .

A celebrity was making a quick, graceful exit from a dull Hollywood party.
"Don't think it hasn't been marvellous," she said to her hostess, "because it hasn't."

. . .

Asmall boy was second im his class. Top place was held by a girl.
"Surely, John," said his father, "you're not going to be beaten by a mere girl!"
"Well, you see, father," Replied John, "girls are not nearly so mere as they used to be."

. . .

Boy: Have you heard that the Battle of Bunker Hill is going to be fought again ?
Girl: Why ?
Boy: "Because it wasn't fought on the level!"

Quoth Walter Winchell to a producer whose show was a flop.
"Don't look now, but your show's slipping."

. . .

The Flight of Time.

"Tempus fugit," said the Romans.
Yes, alas, 'tis fleeting on,
Ever coming, ever going,
Life is short, and soon 'tis gone.

But as I think of next vacatiom,
Poring o'er these lessons huge,
Ever harder, ever longer,
All I say is, "Let it Fuge!"

. . .

We hear Mussolini is having a new yacht built for himself with a glass bottom. He will use it to review the fleet.

. . .

A mother was trying to enter her five-year-old in a kindergarten whose age requirement was six. "She's very bright," the mother declared. "She can easily pass the six-year-old test."
"Say some words," the teacher told the child.
Little Jane contemplated the teacher coldly, then turned to her mother and asked, "Purely irrelevant words?"

. . .

A raw recruit, om sentry-go for the first time, was told that the password for the night was 'Orange'.
After an hour the first stranger approached in the darkness.
"Halt! Who goes there?"tthe sentry declaimed.
"Friend," said the stranger.
"Advance, friend, and say 'orange'" was the reply.

. . .

OLD GIRLS' NEWS.

The Norfolk House Old Girls' Association held their annual meeting in September, 1941 at which it was decided that they should make a special effort this year to help the school in their work for H.M.C.S. 'Restigouche'.

The following Monday several 'Old Girls' could be seen squeezed into a booth at "Terry's" apparently very much enjoying themselves, eating their wool and knitting their tea. The next meeting was not quite such a success as nobody turned up to see the President sitting in Paget's Coffee Shop accompanied only by a large box of wool, sipping cup after cup of tea in order to keep the table reserved for those who did not turn up. The lack of support was not due to any loss of enthusiasm, but to the other Old Girls' knitting needles not being able to keep up with the pace set by their president's. Most of them still being in the slipping, dropping and ripping stage, were too shy to appear in public.

At Christmas, subscriptions for the "Reader's Digest", "Maclean's" and "New World" were sent to the ship.

The next meeting was held in March and was the largest we have had. It was called together to collect news of Old Girls and to try to draw up a complete list of members. Everyone was at "Gonzales" by eight o'clock except the President, and after waiting for about half an hour, Mrs. Cheetham set out on a search party for her. She was eventually discovered progressing towards St. Charles St. completely submerged by wool. The meeting was a great success and no knitting bees are being held regularly every first Tuesday in the month at the boarding house. Six pairs of socks, three pairs of mitts, a terrific jersey with long sleeves, and a scarf have already been sent off.

In spite of one parcel being sent to Cynthis Child's daughter by mistake for a dress, we have heard no complaints from Popeye about getting stuck in a queer little pink garment with satin bows, so we gather that everything reached the right destination in the end.

The following is a list of some of the Old Girls and their present occupations.

Those married since the last magazine was published include;-

Wendy Wilkinson m. Allan Upward.
Elizabeth Martin m. Pay Lieut. John Barclay, R.C.N.
Ruth Horton m. Hoadley Mitchell.
Adine Oland m. Capt. J.H. McAvity, R.C.A.
Joan Reynolds m. Lieut. R.C.Clarkson.
Valerie Kennedy Smith m. Sub. Lieut. Kenneth Boorman, R.C.N.V.R.
Margaret Sutcliffe m. Jack Todd.
Priscilla Wright m. Sub. Lieut. J. Coulter, R.C.N.V.R.
Joan Livingstone Learmonth m. G.A.C. Sinclair, R.C.N.V.R.
Cynthia Musgrave m. Sub. Lieut. J.A. Izard, R.C.N.V.R.
Betty Burns m. Colin Stewart.
Ruth Portway m. Nicholls.

Those who have joined the forces include:-

Pat Fitz-Patrick, R.C.A.F. (W.D.) Toronto.
Faith Cornwell, C.W.A.C.
Pat Gibson. R.C.A.F.(W.D.) Toronto.
Phyllis Porter, W.A.A.F.? England.
Kate Parder. Motor transport. England.
Terese Todd. Motor transport, England.
Joan Wickings Smith. W.A.A.F., Isle of Man.
Poppy Davis R.C.A.F. (W.D.) Ottawa.

Bunty Baillie is now Dr. Hardy and is at the Children's Memorial Hospital, Montreal.

OLD GIRLS' NEWS. (CONT'D)

Joe Forbes is an Occupational Therrapist at a military hospital in Tawnton, England.
Helen Forbes is a Physio-Therrapist in Colombia Hospital, New Westmin.
Phyllis Parker is a nursing sister at Naniamo.
Connie Stephens has just graduated from the Jubilee Hospital, Victoria.
Barbara Wells has finished her training at Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal.
Prudency Yerburgh is a nurse in training at the Royal Infirmary, Bristol.
Wendy Baillie is a nurse in training at the Vancouver General Hospital.
Jane Holland is a nurse in training at St. Joseph's Hospital, Victoria.
Mary Worsley is a nurse in training at the Jubilee Hospital, Victoria.
Gloria Wilson is a nurse in training at St. Paul's Hospital, Vancouver.
Joyce Marriott is writing a book, and has had many of her poems published during the past year. Her radio plays have been acted on the BBC and CBR.
Nargaret Sutcliffe won the Empress Hotel Mid-Winter Golf Tournament.

Rosanna Gillespie, Diana Macdowall, Margaret Izard, Diana Stokes and Anne Ridewood are all doing V.A.D. work at the Jubillee Hospital in Victoria.

Helen Woodcroft has just graduated at U.B.C. in Vancouver.
Aileen O'Halloran and Daphne Syson have both completed their first year at Victoria College.
Molly Horsfield has completed her second year at Victoria College.
Rachel Jukes is at Mills College in California and Ursula Forbes is at Margaret Eaton in Toronto.
Jean Mayhew is at Faulkland House, Toronto
Kythe McKenzie, Doreen Phethean, (Carmichael), Monica Robbins, Joan Douglas, Valentine Harlock, Dorothy Campbell, Peggy Angus, Margaret Izard and Caro Wylli are all helping at various canteens in Victoria.

THE END